

There are

Many voices among  
the leaves in the trees  
below the high  
sand cliffs

The voices of birds  
though not one wing  
breaks skyward  
from among the quiet leaves

They are talking in twos  
these many voices  
talking not of flight  
but of mating

Word by wind

The wanton wreath  
is braided  
cast I-Ching  
and listen for

The cracking  
to trace the yellow  
gourd its liquids  
falling

Rind and melon  
the braid is frayed  
wanton breath  
by word and wind